

A  
FLEETWAY  
LIBRARY

**WAR**  
**PICTURE**  
**LIBRARY**

NO 53

1/-

# CRASH CALL





# TOP

**SOCCER STAR  
BOBBY  
CHARLTON..**



*writes a "top" football story about*



**...that top  
football  
character—  
"ROY of the  
ROVERS"...**

*every week in*

# TIGER

Tuesdays—4½d.

**★ All boys vote—"ITS TOPS!"**

# CRASH CALL

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN WHO MANNED THE HIGH SPEED AIR SEA RESCUE LAUNCHES OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE DURING WORLD WAR TWO, THE SIGNAL "CRASH CALL" MEANT INSTANT ACTION. REGARDLESS OF THE PERIL FROM THE ELEMENTS OR FROM ENEMY ACTION, THEIR SMALL CRAFT WOULD ROAR OUT TO SEA TO THE AID OF ALLY AND FOE ALIKE. THEIR MOTTO WAS "THE SEA SHALL NOT HAVE THEM". THIS IS THE STORY OF HIGH SPEED LAUNCH 2575, ONE OF MANY THAT ALSO SERVED...

© Fleetway Publications Ltd., 1960



## Chapter 1. FORTUNES OF WAR

ALONGSIDE AN ANCIENT WOODEN JETTY ON THE NORTHERNMOST TIP OF THE LONELY, WINDSWEEP SHETLAND ISLANDS, THE CREW OF NEWCOMER HIGH SPEED LAUNCH 2575 WATCHED HER SISTER BOATS RETURN FROM A SUCCESSFUL OPERATION . . .



H.S.L. 2575 HAD EARNED A NAME FOR HER RESCUE OPERATIONS ON THE SOUTH COAST. BUT THAT MEANT NOTHING TO THE VETERAN SHETLAND LONG-RANGE CREWS!





THE MEN OF 2575 HAD TO GRIN AND BEAR THE FUN. BUT THE RIVALRY WAS FORGOTTEN AS THEY WASHED OFF THE GRIME OF THE DAY AND MADE THEMSELVES READY FOR THE STATION DANCE... FOR ENTERTAINMENT WAS ALMOST AS RARE AS TRAINS ON BRITAIN'S NORTHERN ISLANDS!



FLYING OFFICER JOHN HAIG, YOUTHFUL SKIPPER OF H.S.L. 2575, CAME IN FOR HIS SHARE OF THE BANTER WHEN THE RETURNING LAUNCH COMMANDERS BROUGHT THE SURVIVORS TO THE BASE OFFICERS' MESS. HAIG LET THEM HAVE THEIR MOMENT OF TRIUMPH. HE KNEW HIS BOAT, KNEW HIS CREW, AND KNEW HIS CHANCE WOULD COME BEFORE LONG...



## Crash Call

BACK AT THE JETTY, WATCHING HIS DEPARTING CREWMEN WITH A DISAPPROVING EYE, VETERAN FLIGHT SERGEANT CHIEFY WELSH, COXSAIN OF 2575, ISSUED A LAST STERN WARNING TO THE WOULD-BE MERRYMAKERS...



THE LITTLE MECHANIC PUSHED HIS WAY INTO THE THROG...

MAY I CUT IN — AAAGH!

BEAT IT, GREASEBALL! GO FIX YOUR DUD ENGINE! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT CORPORALS AND COMMON AIRMEN HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON?



THE INSULT MADE GRUBBY FORGET HIS MANNERS IN FRONT OF A LADY... AND CHIEFY WELSH'S WARNING!

TAKE THAT, YOU TAILOR'S DUMMY! YOU WAIT... I'LL HAVE MY STRIPES ONE DAY!

ARREST THAT MAN!



SO A SORRIER AND MUCH-WISER GRUBBY GRAY, UNDER CLOSE ARREST, WATCHED HIS LAUNCH HEAD TO SEA FOR THE NEXT OPERATION. AND INSTEAD OF BEING AT THE CONTROLS IN HIS BELOVED ENGINE-ROOM, HE WORKED AT MENIAL TASKS UNDER THE EYE OF A GUARD...

CRASH CALL, GRUBBY! THINK THAT LAUNCH OF YOURS WILL MAKE IT... AS FAR AS THE HARBOUR ENTRANCE!

VERY FUNNY, FATSO! I FIXED THOSE ENGINES MYSELF... A WEEK'S PAY SAYS SEVENTY-FIVE'LL BE FIRST BACK WITH SURVIVORS!





## Crash Call

IN THE TINY WHEELHOUSE OF H.S.L. 2575, FLYING OFFICER HAIG BROKE DETAILS OF THE OPERATION TO HIS VETERAN COXSWAIN...

TAIL-END CHARLIE AT PRESENT, FLIGHT. BUT WE'LL SOON LEAVE THE OTHERS FAR BEHIND IN THIS BOAT...

AYE AYE, SKIPPER... GOOD TO BE ON THE JOB AGAIN!



HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO PROVE OUR WORTH TO THESE SHETLAND BARNACLES. SOME OF OUR TRAWLERS OFF THE FAROES ARE TAKING A SAVAGING FROM RELAYS OF HUN MINELAYING AIRCRAFT OUT FOR A LITTLE BLOOD SPORT... **THOSE FISHERMEN WILL NEED OUR HELP!**

BIT OF A DIFFERENT JOB TO THE ONES WE HAD OFF DOVER, SIR.



**THE THREE LAUNCHES ROARED NORTH-WEST AT FULL THROTTLE TOWARDS THE STRICKEN FISHING GROUNDS...**





FINDING THE SPORT GOOD, A GERMAN MINELAYING SQUADRON RETURNING FROM AN OPERATION IN ICELANDIC WATERS, DALLIED TO WREAK HAVOC ON THE NEAR-DEFENCELESS FISHING VESSELS.



## Crash Call

THE SIGHT OF THE THREE RESCUE LAUNCHES WAS THE CAUSE OF THE CO-PILOT'S MIRTH. UNDAUNTED BY THE OPPOSITION, THE THREE LITTLE H.S.L.'S CLOSED IN TO EXECUTE THEIR ERRAND OF MERCY...



FLIGHT SERGEANT WELSH APPEARED ON THE BRIDGE BESIDE HIS YOUNG SKIPPER AS 2575 WENT INTO ACTION UNDER ENEMY FIRE.





## Crash Call

HAIG TOOK HIS LAUNCH SKILFULLY ALONGSIDE — SEEMINGLY IMPERTURBED BY THE HAIL OF BULLETS NOW DIRECTED AT HIS CRAFT.

GOOD  
TO SEE YOU,  
LADS!

LESS TALK  
THERE AND GET A  
MOVE ON! OUR FUEL  
TANKS COULD  
BLOW ANY SECOND  
IN THIS HEAT!



## Crash Call

SCORCHED AND CHOKING, THE LAUNCH'S GUNNERS FIRED CALMLY AND ACCURATELY AT THE ENEMY...



RESCUE WORK COMPLETE, H.S.L. 2575S BEGAN TO CLEAR THE BURNING WRECK...





... BUT THE FORTUNES OF WAR... ARE UNPREDICTABLE!

2575

WE  
MUST HAVE  
CAUGHT SOMETHING  
MIGHTY BIG WITH  
OUR PROPS! CUT  
ENGINES...!



## Crash Call

A HALF-SUBMERGED FISHING NET HAD SUCCEEDED IN STOPPING THE LAUNCH AFTER FIRE AT SEA AND ENEMY ATTACK HAD FAILED.

OUR LUCK IS  
RUNNING TRUE TO FORM  
AGAIN, FLIGHT...  
**ALL BAD!**

NO ONE  
COULD HAVE  
FORESEEN THIS  
LOT, SIR.



THE H.S.L. NOW DRIFTED HELPLESSLY AT THE MERCY OF THE TIDE... UNABLE TO MANOEUVRE UNDER ATTACK...

BADLY BURNED  
MEN ABOARD... MUST  
RETURN TO BASE...  
CAN YOU COPE?

WE'LL MAKE OUT.  
TAKE OUR SURVIVORS  
AND GET 'EM HOME.  
GOOD LUCK!







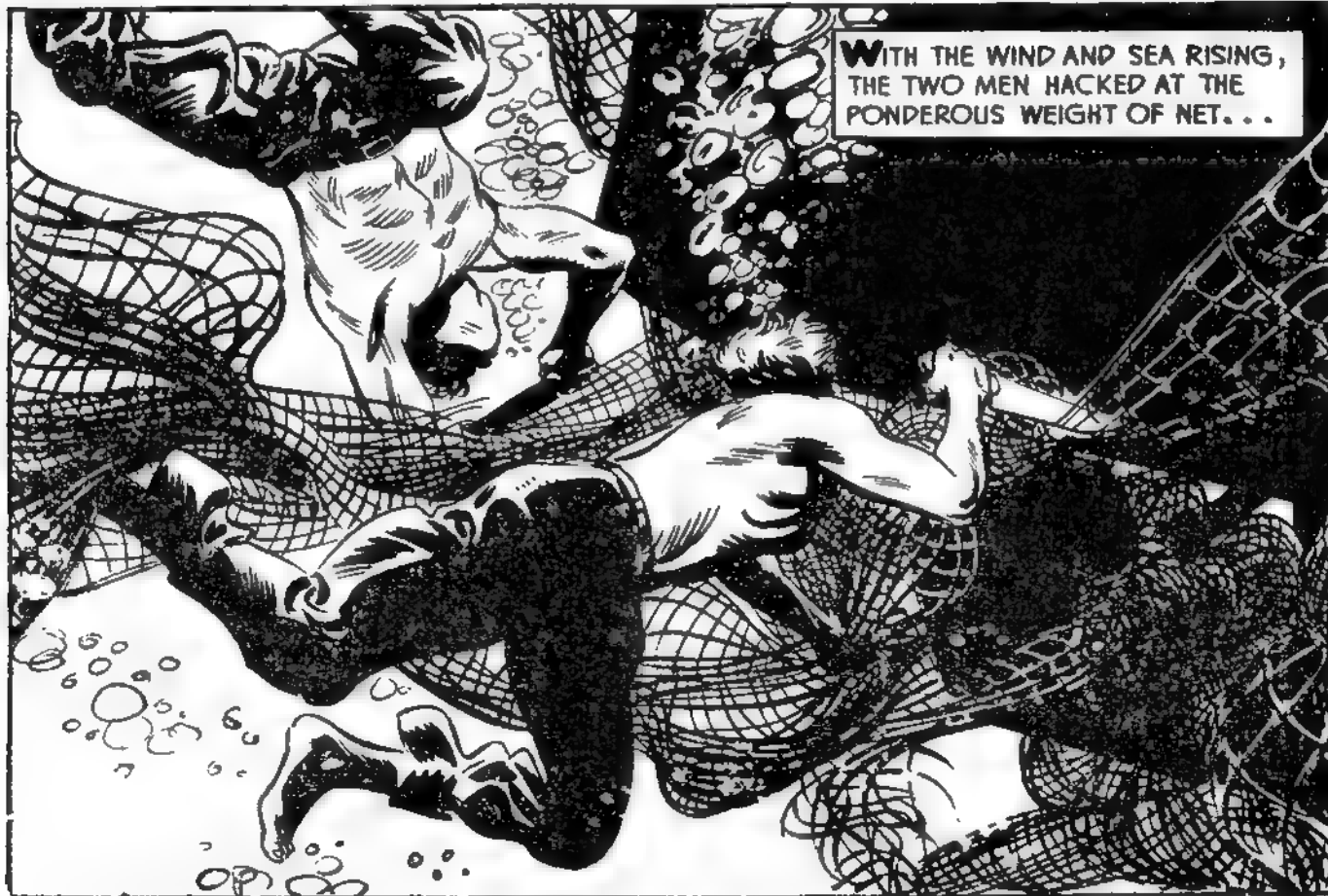
LADEN WITH SURVIVORS AND WOUNDED, THE TWO LAUNCHES SET OFF FOR BASE, LEAVING THEIR UNLUCKY SISTER SHIP BEHIND. FORTUNATELY, THE GERMAN AIRMEN WERE ALSO LEAVING AFTER LOSING TWO OF THEIR AIRCRAFT AS PAYMENT FOR THEIR SPORT.



2575 WAS LEFT TO HER OWN DEVICES...



WITH THE WIND AND SEA RISING, THE TWO MEN HACKED AT THE PONDEROUS WEIGHT OF NET...



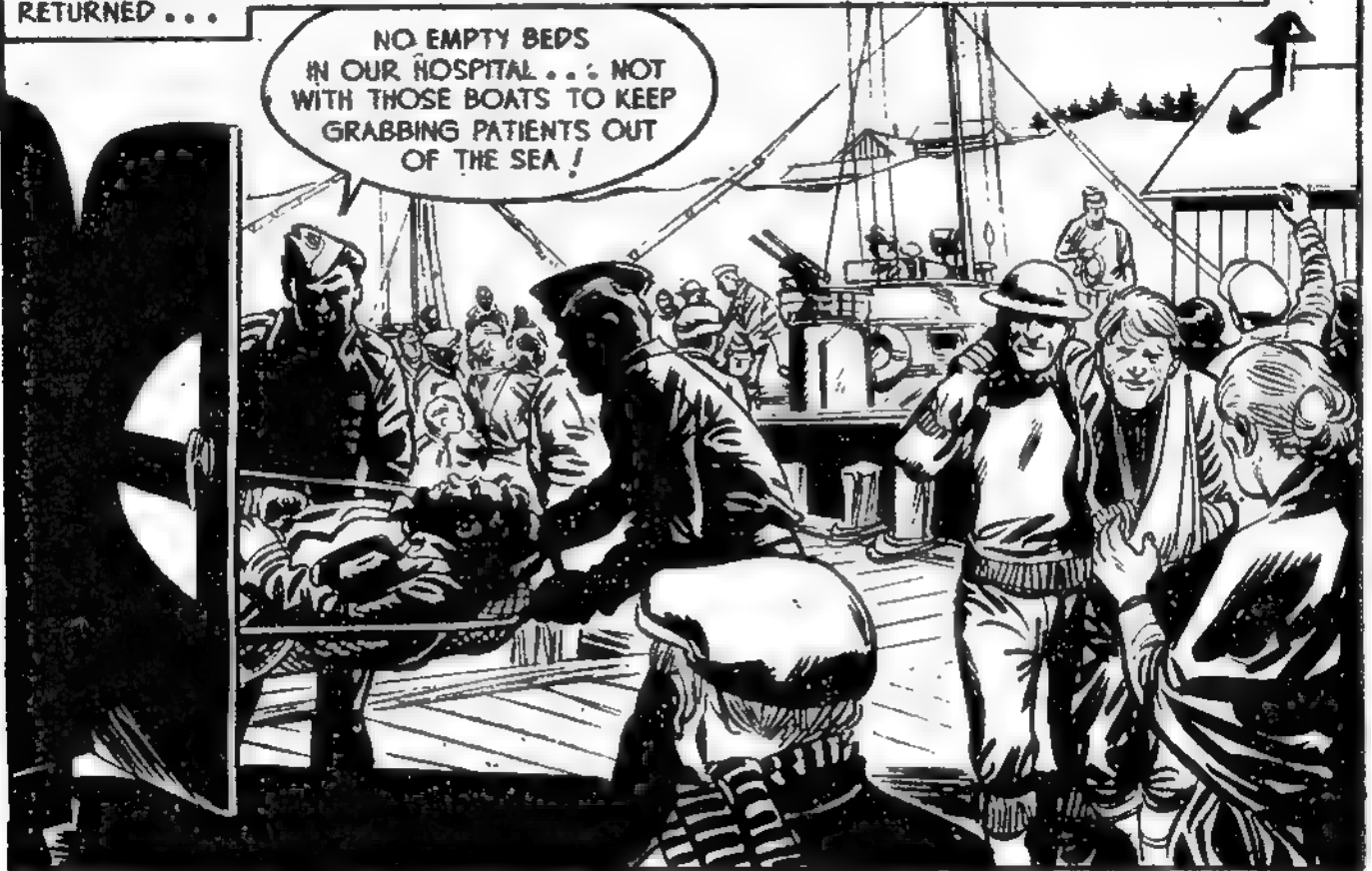


BUT THE POWER OF THE LAUNCH'S ENGINES HAD SPUN A WEB THAT DEFEATED THE GALLANT EFFORTS OF THE PAIR.



A WELCOMING THROG CROWDED THE LITTLE JETTY AT THE SHETLAND BASE AS THE LAUNCHES RETURNED . . .

NO EMPTY BEDS  
IN OUR HOSPITAL . . . NOT  
WITH THOSE BOATS TO KEEP  
GRABBING PATIENTS OUT  
OF THE SEA !



BUT THE CROWDS HAD  
DISPERSED AND THE JETTY  
WAS DESERTED WHEN  
2575 HOVE IN SIGHT . . .


WHAT DID  
WE TELL YOU,  
GRUBBY !

SHE GOES  
TO RESCUE —  
**AND IS  
RESCUED HERSELF!**  
WHAT AN  
ASSET !

C'MON, GUARD ! YOU  
CAN LOCK ME UP AND  
THROW AWAY THE  
KEY !



## Chapter 2. OPERATION RESCUE



IN A SHELTERED FIORD SOUTH OF TRONDHEIM, NORWAY, A GERMAN RAIDER FORCE OF HEAVY UNITS PREPARED TO ASSAULT THE ATLANTIC CONVOYS THAT WERE THE LIFELINE OF BRITAIN. WELL CAMOUFLAGED, THEY MADE READY FOR SEA, THEIR SECRETS SAFE IN THE EYES OF THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND UNTIL . . .

RAPID  
FIRE! HOW DID THAT  
BRITISH DOG MANAGE TO  
AVOID OUR DEFENCE  
SYSTEM AND STUMBLE  
UPON US AT THIS  
TIME..?



AN ORDER WAS GIVEN — THE INTRUDER MUST NOT GET AWAY!

THAT RECCE AIRCRAFT  
WOULD NO DOUBT BE USING A  
CAMERA TO UNCOVER OUR SECRETS.  
SUCH PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE  
WOULD SOON REVEAL OUR  
STRENGTH AND THE  
BRITISH HOME FLEET  
WOULD BE  
ALERTED.

I THINK  
OUR SECRET IS SAFE  
YET, HERR GROSS-ADMIRAL!  
THE WHOLE COAST HAS  
BEEN ALERTED. EVERY  
EXIT HAS BEEN  
SEALED TO THE  
BRITISHER!



BUT THE LONE CATALINA WAS STILL  
AIRBORNE AS SHE LIMPED ACROSS  
THE NORWEGIAN COASTLINE WITH  
HULL RIPPED, PORT ENGINE DEAD,  
AND GUNS MANNED BY HUDDLED  
CORPSES. HER WOUNDED PILOT  
LISTENED ANXIOUSLY TO THE  
RAGGED BEAT OF THE STARBOARD  
MOTOR . . .





THE DARK MENACING WATERS LOOMED... THE CO-PILOT FOUGHT THE SLUGGISH AIRCRAFT DOWN TO A HALF-CRASH THAT ALLOWED A FEW PRECIOUS MOMENTS FOR ESCAPE...



THE CRY FOR HELP FROM THE DOOMED CATALINA HAD BEEN PASSED TO THE SHETLAND AIR SEA RESCUE BASE. A VERY HURRIED BRIEFING FOLLOWED...





THE DUTY AND STANDBY LAUNCHES MADE A RAPID DEPARTURE... AND 2575 REMAINED ALONGSIDE WHILE THE ISLAND WAS COMBED FOR HER CREWMEN...



THE FIRST FEW OF THE ELUSIVE CREW WERE LOCATED... AND, WITH AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL, HAIG'S MIND WAS MADE UP...



SCARCELY HAD THE POWERFUL MOTORS THUNDERED INTO LIFE AT GRUBBY'S EXPERT TOUCH WHEN THE ENGINE-ROOM TELEGRAPHS DEMANDED ACTION...



COR! WHAT AM I — A ONE-MAN BAND! NO RELIEF FOR ME THIS TRIP... BUT IT'S BETTER THAN BEING A KITCHEN MECHANIC!

THE UNDERMANNED 2575 RACED FOR THE OPEN SEA IN THE WAKE OF HER SISTER BOATS...

STONE A CROW! NORWAY — WITH ONLY HALF A TRAINED CREW, A FEW LANDLUBBER VOLUNTEERS FROM BASE, AND A STORM! AND US A FULL HOUR BEHIND THE OTHERS...

... AND IF WE MAKE IT BACK FROM THIS JOB I'LL BE UP TO MY NECK IN DEAD TROUBLE, SURE AS MY NAME'S GRUBBY GRAY!



MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE SEA, AT THE MERCY OF WIND AND TIDE, THE SMALL RUBBER DINGHY. TOSSED HELPLESSLY OFF THE ENEMY- OCCUPIED COAST...



NORWAY AND A PRISON CAMP, A WATERY GRAVE, OR A SUIT MADE OF ICICLES! WHAT A CHOICE... ANY WAY WE LOSE!

STOP MOANING, HARRY! AND REMEMBER TO DUMP THAT CAMERA IF WE DO GET TAKEN!

BUT THE SOUND OF ENGINES ROUSED THE SURVIVORS FROM THEIR FROZEN STUPOR. HOPEFULLY THEY PEERED INTO THE NIGHT...



IS IT  
ONE OF  
OURS?

I DON'T  
KNOW. CAN HARDLY  
BE OUR BOYS  
ALREADY...

SIGNAL  
PISTOL READY,  
SKIPPER!

BUT THE ENEMY WERE INTERESTED IN FINDING SURVIVORS, TOO — IF NOT FOR ENTIRELY HUMANE REASONS.

FINDING THE  
WING FLOAT OF  
THE BRITISHER WAS  
EASY COMPARED TO  
THIS, SIR. WE HAVE  
A COLD NIGHT AT  
SEA AHEAD LOOKING  
FOR MEN WHO  
MAY NOT EVEN  
EXIST...

PERHAPS  
WE ARE WASTING  
OUR TIME, HERR  
LEUTNANT. THEY  
COULD HAVE GONE  
DOWN WITH THEIR  
AIRCRAFT... BUT  
ORDERS FROM  
A GROSS-  
ADMIRAL ARE  
ORDERS I CARRY  
OUT TO THE  
FULL...



SEPARATED FROM THE RUBBER LIFE RAFT BY A FEW FEET OF STORM-TOSSED WATER, THE E-BOAT LOOMED OUT OF THE BLANKETED NIGHT AND WAS GONE...

WOW! AN  
E-BOAT...  
NEARLY  
SLICED  
US!

SHALL I SIGNAL?  
WE'LL FREEZE TO  
DEATH OUT  
HERE!

WISH  
YOUR TONGUE  
WOULD  
FREEZE! SHUT  
UP!





... BETWEEN THE SHETLAND BASE AND THE DRIFTING SURVIVORS, TWO HIGH SPEED LAUNCHES BRAVED THE GALE-LASHED WASTES ...

... NEVER KNOWN SEAS LIKE THIS. LOOK, SEVEN-O HAS COPPED IT!



## Crash Call

THE SEARCHING E-BOAT FARED BADLY IN THE STORM, TOO... BUT SHE REMAINED AT SEA FOR THE SAME PURPOSE AS 2575.



BASE REFUSES  
PERMISSION TO CANCEL  
SEARCH, HERR  
KAPITAN!

CURSED  
BATTLESHIP SAILORS!  
DO THEY REALISE  
WHAT IT IS LIKE ON  
A SCHNELLBOOT  
IN SUCH  
WEATHER?

2575 FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HER SISTERS... A SIGHT EVEN GRUBBY LEFT THE WARMTH OF HIS ENGINE-ROOM TO WITNESS.



UNDER TOW, BOYS? DROP  
YOUR HOOKS AND WE'LL TOW  
YOU BOTH HOME ON THE  
WAY BACK!

LOST  
A PROP, I BET!  
BETTER IF YOU'D  
LOST THE CORPORAL  
FITTER!

THE GALE RAGED WITH UNRELENTING FURY... AND THE SECOND HIGH SPEED LAUNCH BECAME A CASUALTY...

... CLUTCHES HAVE BURNED OUT FIGHTING THIS LOT, SIR! WE'VE HAD IT!

THEN WE'VE BOTH HAD IT!

MAN OVERBOARD STARBOARD!



... AND HARD ON THE HEELS OF HER SISTER LAUNCHES CAME 2575, PLOUGHING GRIMLY INTO THE TEETH OF THE GALE ...

HANG ON, DOC! WE MAY NEED YOUR MEDICAL SKILL WHEN WE REACH THOSE SURVIVORS!

SURVIVORS! NOTHING COULD SURVIVE A NIGHT LIKE THIS ON A RUBBER RAFT... NOT UNLESS THEY'VE DRIFTED WELL INSHORE





ALONE AND UNDER COVER OF THE LONG ARCTIC NIGHT, HAIG'S LAUNCH CLOSED IN TO THE NORWEGIAN COASTLINE . . .

I CAN USE SOME COCOA, LIVINGSTONE. DID YOU PUT A TOT IN IT? AND WHAT'S IT LIKE BELOW?

I PUT **TWO** TOTS IN IT! AND IT'S A SHAMBLES BELOW! EVERYTHING SMASHED BUT THE LADS' SPIRITS!

WE'RE ALMOST THERE, MEN! KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED FOR A QUICK PICK-UP OF SURVIVORS AND A SAFE RETURN...



BUT OTHER EYES WERE ALERTED...

**SCHNELLBOOT, KAPITAN! RED-FOUR-ZERO!**

WE HAVE NO OTHER SCHNELLBOOTS ON THIS SEARCH IN THIS AREA... SHE'S AN R.A.F. RESCUE LAUNCH! **PREPARE FOR ACTION!**



THE HEAVIER ARMAMENT OF THE E-BOAT BEGAN TO TAKE TOLL OF THE FLIMSY RESCUE CRAFT...



HAIG HAD NO DESIRE TO DALLY AND SWAP SHOTS WITH HIS MAGNIFICENTLY EQUIPPED ADVERSARY...



... 2575'S SUPERIOR SPEED CARRIED HER OUT OF DANGER — TEMPORARILY...

WE HAVE SENT THE BRITISH DOGS SCUTTling FOR HOME, HERR KAPITAN. IF SHE POKES HER NOSE BACK WE WILL SINK HER FOR CERTAIN!

ACH, SO! BUT SHE WOULD BE HERE FOR A PURPOSE. THERE MUST BE SURVIVORS! DOUBLE LOOKOUTS! CONTINUE SQUARE SEARCH OF THE AREA!



HAIG KNEW HE HAD A DANGEROUS ENEMY TO LOSE... AS WELL AS A TINY CRAFT TO LOCATE...

DINGHY

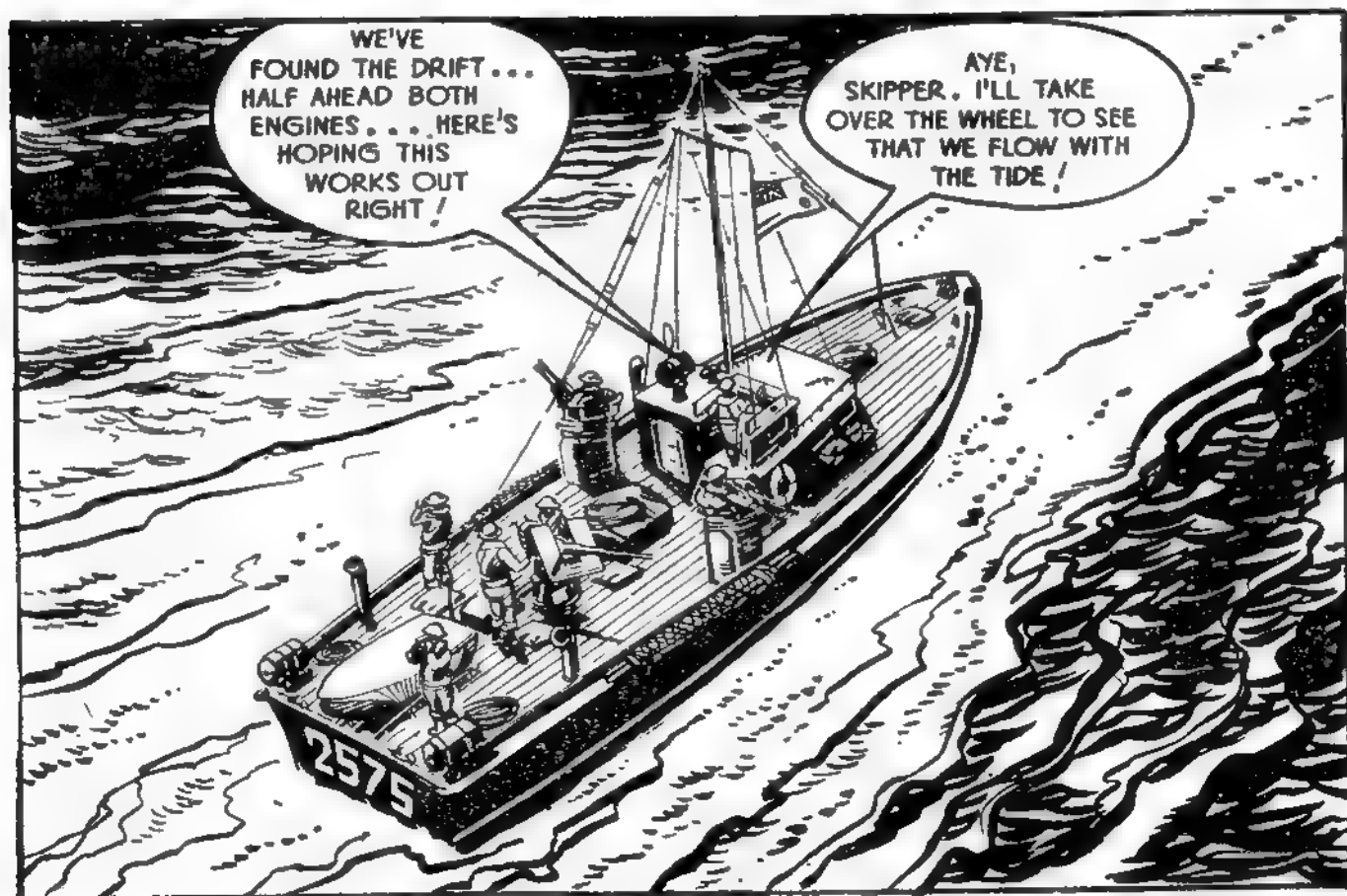
NORWAY





## Crash Call

BUT ONCE RID OF THE E-BOAT, 2575 REVERTED TO COURSE AND REACHED HER SEARCH AREA...  
A COMPLETELY BLANK SEARCH AREA REVEALED IN A NEW DAWN FREE OF STORM CLOUDS...



THE SAME TIDE DRIFT **HAD** CARRIED THE DINGHY. THE NUMBED, CRAMPED SURVIVORS WOKE TO FIND THEMSELVES **INSIDE** ENEMY TERRITORY !

LAND  
ON BOTH SIDES...  
**WE'RE IN A  
BLOOMING  
FIORD !**

**WE'RE  
UP THE WELL-  
KNOWN CREEK !**  
WHAT ABOUT THE  
AIR SEA RESCUE  
LARK NOW ?



ON THE SHEER SIDE GUARDING THE MOUTH OF THE FIORD, A STARTLED GERMAN ARTILLERYMAN RUBBED HIS EYES AT THE SIGHT BELOW...

FELDWEBEL !  
THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE  
FIORD... **HEADING  
FOR THE SEAPLANE  
BASE !**



## Crash Call



HAIG HAD FOUND HIS SURVIVORS. CONFRONTED BY THE NARROW TRAP-LIKE MOUTH OF THE FIORD, THE AIR SEA RESCUE OFFICER DID NOT HESITATE...





## Chapter 3. THE FIRE TRAP

HER BOW POINTED DIRECTLY AT THE FIORD ENTRANCE, THE LAUNCH ROARED THROUGH HEAVY ENEMY CROSS-FIRE FROM THE COASTAL BATTERIES.

THANK GOODNESS THE BIG COASTAL DEFENCE GUNS CAN'T FIRE INTO THE FIORD!



THE DRIFTING DINGHY HAD BECOME A PAWN IN A DEADLY GAME...

HIMMEL!  
THE BRITISH DOGS DARE TO ENTER OUR BASE!



... A GAME HAIG  
PLAYED WELL !

CHECKMATE !



THE SURVIVORS, HARDLY BELIEVING WHAT THEY CONSIDERED A MIRACLE, ALLOWED HOPE TO RETURN AS THEY WERE HELPED FROM THE TINY RUBBER COCKLESHELL . . .

HURRY IT UP,  
LIVINGSTONE ! THE  
NATIVES AREN'T  
FRIENDLY !

ENEMY FIRE DIRECTED AT  
US FROM SEAPLANE BASE,  
SIR !



... AND THE RESCUED MEN'S FIRST THOUGHTS WERE FOR THE CAMERA'S SAFETY.

EASY WITH THAT CAMERA! FOUR MEN HAVE DIED FOR THAT!



FROM THE GERMAN SEAPLANE BASE UP THE FIORD, THE MOTIONLESS LAUNCH MADE A FINE TARGET...

ARE THE BRITISH MAD? THEY COME HERE AND EXPECT TO LIVE?

GET THEM, KURT!





## Crash Call

GINGER DODDS SWUNG HIS OERLIKON TO ANSWER THE GERMAN CHALLENGE...

THAT'LL  
TEACH YOU  
TO INTERFERE,  
YOU HUN!



ENCOURAGED BY HIS SUCCESS, THE GUNNER TURNED HIS OERLIKON ON THE OTHER MOORED SEAPLANES...



BUT THE EXULTANT GINGER WAS SOON DEFLATED BY FLIGHT SERGEANT WELSH!



ENGINES RACING, WHEEL HARD TO STARBOARD, THE LAUNCH SPUN IN A SHARP CURVE TO MAKE GOOD HER ESCAPE — IF SHE COULD...



HIGH ABOVE THE NARROW FIORD A PATROLLING AIRCRAFT, ATTRACTED BY THE BILLOWING FLAMES FROM GINGER'S VICTIMS, SWOOPED TO INVESTIGATE ...



... AND AT THE CLIFF DEFENCE POST HURRIED ORDERS WERE ISSUED TO SNARE THE INTRUDERS.



THE TERSE ORDER WAS PASSED ON!





... AND IN THE FIORD'S DARK DEPTHS...



... EVEN THE FISH FLED !

MEANWHILE, THE AIRCRAFT PRESSED HOME ITS FIRST ATTACK — CONFIDENT OF THE OUTCOME !



FIRST BLOOD WENT TO THE JUNKERS !

I'LL  
BE WAITING FOR  
THAT HUN SO-  
AND-SO NEXT  
TIME !



COUNT ME IN !  
I'VE A COLD NIGHT ON A  
RAFT TO MAKE UP FOR...  
I WANT MY POUND OF  
FLESH, TOO !

A FILM OF HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE AVIATION SPIRIT FROM THE UNDERWATER PIPES DISCOLOURED THE SPAN OF SEA AT THE FIORD'S NARROW MOUTH...



THE FELDWEBEL SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY AIMED HIS SIGNAL PISTOL AT THE SEA BELOW.



A BARRIER OF LEAPING FLAME SEALED THE FIORD — AND THE SEA BOILED!



AND AT THAT PRECISE  
MOMENT, FITTER GRUBBY  
GRAY CHOSE TO FIND  
OUT HOW THINGS WERE  
GOING OUTSIDE HIS  
LONELY ENGINE-ROOM...

WOW!  
AND I WAS  
WORRIED ABOUT  
THE TROUBLE AWAITING  
ME AT BASE! ONLY  
HOPE I LIVE TO  
SEE A COURT-  
MARTIAL!

WHILE H.S.L. 2575 FOUGHT HER LONE  
BATTLE TO ESCAPE THE NAZI NET  
CLOSING AROUND HER IN THE  
LANDLOCKED WATERS OF THE FIORD,  
HER SISTER LAUNCHES HAD LIMPED  
HOME TO THE SHETLAND BASE, AN  
OCEAN AWAY...

HERE COMES THE OLD  
MAN — MAYBE HE HAS NEWS  
OF SEVENTY-FIVE.







THE WEARY CREWS OF THE CRIPPLED LAUNCHES FILED INTO THE BASE COOKHOUSE FOR THEIR FIRST MEAL IN SIXTEEN HOURS...





THE CORPORAL FITTER'S CONVICTION OF THE CERTAIN FATE OF 2575 WAS ENDORSED BY A DETERMINED GERMAN AIRCREW AND THE ARTILLERYMEN STOKING THE FLAMES BARRING THE NARROW FIORD ENTRANCE... BUT NO ONE HAD INFORMED THE FIGHTING CREW OF THE LAUNCH THAT THEY WERE FINISHED!



## Crash Call

THE TORTURED AIRCRAFT ROARED IN TO FINISH ITS RUN OVER THE LAUNCH, STILL DEFIANTLY SPITTING SHELLS . . .

DONNERWETTER !  
WE MISJUDGED THE  
ENGLANDER . . . BUT  
WE WILL NOT  
DIE ALONE !



THIS LAST GESTURE ON THE PART OF THE DOOMED PILOT WAS NOT WITHOUT EFFECT . . .

THE DEVILS ! THEY'VE GOT  
HARRIS — AND THE  
SKIPPER !

DOC !



FLIGHT SERGEANT WELSH'S REACTIONS WERE BORN OF INSTINCT AND YEARS OF HARD EXPERIENCE. THE LAUNCH WAS HEADING FOR THE SIDE OF THE FIORD AT FULL SPEED BY THE TIME HE REACHED THE BRIDGE...



THE MORTALLY STRICKEN JUNKERS, MANNED BY A DEAD CREW, WAS WEAVING AND CLIMBING AND DIPPING — AND THEN...





THE PROGRESS OF THE LAUNCH WAS FORGOTTEN IN THE TERROR OF THE MOMENT. . .



A CASCADE OF BURNING FUEL BURST LIKE A NIGHTMARISH WATERFALL ON TO THE GUN POSITIONS. . .



THE EXPLOSION ADDED FUEL TO THE FIRE AND INTENSIFIED THE RAGING HOLOCAUST H.S.L. 2575 HAD YET TO PENETRATE...

ALL HANDS BELOW! GRAB EVERY FIRE EXTINGUISHER YOU CAN LAY YOUR HANDS ON!



THE LAUNCH'S BOWS CLEAVED THE BURNING SEA AS SHE SPED INTO THE FEARSOME FALLING FLAMES... THEN SHE WAS SWALLOWED IN THEIR HOT EMBRACE...

THE FLAME BELT MUST END SOMEWHERE! HANG ON, DOC!

HOPE THE FUEL TANKS ABOARD CAN TAKE IT!



THEN, ABRUPTLY, '2575' BROKE FREE INTO THE OPEN SEA. NEVER WAS CLEAN COLD AIR AND ICY SPRAY MORE WELCOME...



THE DIMINUTIVE INTRUDER HAD LEFT IN HER WAKE A TERRIBLE MOMENTO OF HER VISIT...



## Chapter 4. SEEK AND DESTROY

NEWS OF THE UNEXPECTED AND HUMILIATING DEBACLE AT THE FIORD REACHED THE EARS OF GROSS-ADMIRAL VON RICHTLINGER, COMMANDER OF THE SECRET ATLANTIC TASK FORCE. . .

THIS FIORD BUSINESS — COMPLETE DEVASTATION — AND BY ONE PLYWOOD CRAFT! ARE WE GERMANS SUCH **DUMKOPFS?**



THE LAUNCH'S ESCAPE HAD TURNED THE GERMAN INTO A RAGING VOLCANO ERUPTING WRATH UPON HIS SUBORDINATES. . .

I WANT THAT LAUNCH! NOT ONLY TO STOP THAT CAMERA FROM REACHING BRITISH NAVAL INTELLIGENCE . . . BUT FOR MY OWN PERSONAL SATISFACTION! DO WHAT YOU LIKE ABOUT FULFILLING MY WISH — BUT GET IT DONE. THIS I PROMISE . . . HEADS WILL ROLL IF YOUR COMBINED EFFORTS FAIL!





MEANWHILE, CHIEFY WELSH, ACTING-SKIPPER OF 2575, WAS RALLYING HIS MEN FOR THE LONG VOYAGE HOME...

WATCH OUT  
FOR BURNING  
AMMO!



GUNNER GINGER DODDS ACTED QUICKLY, SO QUICKLY HE DID NOT FEEL THE HOT METAL SEARING HIS PALMS . . .

THOUGHT YOU'D HAD  
IT THERE, CHUM. BUT CHEER UP,  
CHIEFY RECKONS THE WORST IS TO  
COME! HOPE YOU'VE GOT  
YOUR WINGS AND HARP  
READY, GINGER!

YOU SHOULD COMPLAIN,  
GRAY! AFTER THAT FIERY FIORD  
YOU'LL BE QUITE AT HOME  
WHERE YOU'LL BE  
GOING!



BUT AT SUCH A TIME OF CRISIS, FLIGHT SERGEANT WELSH HAD NO TIME TO SPARE FOR COMMENDING HEROICS...



HALF THE GERMAN FORCES IN NORWAY OUT TO GET THEM, WELSH HAD DECLARED. HE WAS NOT FAR WRONG... THE ENEMY WERE DIRECTED TO ONE OBJECTIVE...



... THE ORDER WENT OUT—SEEK AND DESTROY!

## Crash Call

NEAREST TO THE SCURRYING LAUNCH WAS HER OLD ENEMY — THE PATROLLING E-BOAT, THIRSTING FOR BLOOD!

E-BOAT, CHIEFY!  
CLOSING HARD —  
HEADING US  
OFF!

WE'LL TRY TO  
OUT-MANOEUVRE HER...  
BUT MAKE THOSE GUNS  
TALK LIKE THEY'VE  
NEVER DONE  
BEFORE!



THE BRITISH  
LAUNCH, HERR KAPITAN!  
SHE TURNS TO  
PORT...

**HIMMEL!**  
INTO OUR  
THICKEST  
MINEFIELD!

... AND WE'LL  
FOLLOW! I'D RATHER  
FACE MINES THAN  
GROSS-ADMIRAL  
RICHTLINGER!



THE MEN OF 2575 BECAME AWARE THAT THEY FACED A DOUBLE DANGER...

MINES AHEAD,  
CHIEFY! AND THE  
E-BOAT'S SHELLING  
US!

I'M NOT BLIND,  
LAD! PORT FIFTEEN!  
REDUCE TO HALF  
SPEED!

SOMETIMES I WISH I WERE  
BACK ON THAT RAFT!



CHIEFY WELSH WAS FORCED TO CUT SPEED EVEN WITH AN E-BOAT CLOSING FOR AN EASY KILL! AT LEAST GRUBBY GRAY KNEW NOTHING OF THE MINEFIELD AS HE PONDERED THE GRIM SITUATION...

SLOW AHEAD BOTH! AND  
WITH AN E-BOAT ON OUR TAIL!  
HOPE CHIEFY KNOWS WHAT  
HE'S UP TO! AT LEAST  
THE VENTILATION IN  
THIS PLACE HAS  
BEEN  
IMPROVED!





BUT THE GERMAN, TOO, HAD THE MINEFIELD TO CONSIDER. THE ENERGETIC PURSUIT BECAME TEMPERED WITH CAUTION AND SLOWED TO A CRAWL...

DUMKOPF!  
IDIOT! KEEP  
ON COURSE...  
OR WE ALL  
DIE BY  
OUR OWN  
MINES!



A GRIM GAME OF TAG ENSUED, A FIGHT TO THE DEATH PLAYED AT SLOW SPEED. AND ALWAYS EACH BOBBING, GLISTENING MINE OFFERED A PASSPORT TO ETERNITY!



THE E-BOAT'S SUPERIOR ARMAMENT GAVE HER THE EDGE IN SUCH A GAME...

WE HAVE  
THE BRITISH CURS  
AT OUR MERCY!  
RAPID FIRE!  
SEND HER  
TO THE  
BOTTOM!



THE GALLANT RESCUE LAUNCH WAS NOT BUILT TO SUSTAIN PROTRACTED PUNISHMENT OF THE KIND METED OUT BY THE RELENTLESS E-BOAT...

WE'RE HITTING HER WITH ALL WE'VE GOT... BUT IT'S MAKING LITTLE IMPRESSION... AND I'VE ONLY ONE DRUM OF AMMO LEFT!

WE CAN'T HURT HER— BUT A MISS COULD! IF THAT MISS WERE IN THE RIGHT PLACE!



THERE WAS ONE WAY OUT. CHIEFY SEIZED IT LIKE A DROWNING MAN DESPERATELY CLUTCHES A STRAW. BUT BEFORE HE COULD MAKE HIS PLAN KNOWN...

THE DEVILS! BUT I'M NOT READY TO GIVE IN TO 'EM... NOT YET!



BELOW-DECKS RECEIVED A SHARE OF THE POUNDING. THE TINY SICK-BAY WAS RIDDLED WITH RAZOR-EDGED SHRAPNEL...

THIS BOX OF TRICKS HAS REALLY ROUSED A HORNET'S NEST!

SKIPPER! YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO MOVE YET...

I'M GOING TO MY BRIDGE! HELP ME... OR GET OUT OF MY WAY!



WITH A SUPERHUMAN EFFORT, THE MORTALLY WOUNDED FLIGHT SERGEANT WELSH HAD DRAGGED HIMSELF TO HIS FEET IN THE SHAMBLES OF THE BRIDGE. HE MUSTERED HIS EBBING STRENGTH TO ISSUE ONE MORE COMMAND...

THE MINES! AIM FOR THE MINES! HOLD YOUR FIRE UNTIL THE JERRY IS NUDGING THEM...

THE RESCUE LAUNCH'S GUNNERS RIPPED A HAIL OF FIRE AT THE MINES BEFORE THE E-BOAT'S BOW...

HERE GO MY LAST SHELLS!



AS WELSH SAGGED AMONG THE DEBRIS OF THE BRIDGE, A THUNDEROUS DETONATION WAS MUSIC TO THE EARS OF THE DYING VETERAN...

ON  
TARGET!  
CHIEF'S  
IDEA PAID  
OFF!



BUT IN TRIUMPH... THERE WAS TRAGEDY, WELSH'S NERVELESS FINGERS LOST THEIR GRIP. HE FELL, AND THE LAUNCH WAS PILOTLESS IN THE MINEFIELD...

THE BRIDGE! THERE'S  
NO ONE TO TAKE US THROUGH  
THE MINES!

GET  
ME UP  
THERE!





FLYING OFFICER HAIG RESUMED COMMAND IN THE REMNANTS OF HIS BRIDGE. ALL HIS CONCENTRATION AND SKILL WERE NEEDED TO CLEAR THE MINEFIELD. THAT TASK OVER, HE NOTICED HIS MEN EYING HIM WITH QUIET PRIDE. AT THAT MOMENT HE KNEW HE WOULD FIND THE STRENGTH AND THE GUILF TO GET THEM THROUGH.



BUT HAIG'S NEXT ORDER CAUSED ALL EYES TO TURN ON HIM IN DISBELIEF — AND EVEN DOC WONDERED ABOUT THE HEAD WOUND SUSTAINED BY THE YOUNG SKIPPER...



THE ENEMY BEGAN STEPPING UP THE DESPERATE SEARCH...

OUR CONTACT WITH THE E-BOAT CEASED SUDDENLY. RICHTLINGER HAS DESPATCHED A DESTROYER TO THE SCENE. IT WAS HIS LAST ORDER BEFORE HE COLLAPSED. WHAT IS THIS BRITISHER... A POCKET BATTLESHIP? I WANT EVERY AIRCRAFT THAT CAN FLY OVER THAT AREA — NOW!

JAWOHL, HERR GENERAL! I PERSONALLY WILL LEAD THE ATTACK...



SIMILAR URGENT COMMANDS WERE BEING ISSUED ACROSS THE NORTH SEA...

RECCE REPORTS TREMENDOUS ACTIVITY OFF NORWEGIAN COAST IN THE TRONDHEIM AREA. I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!

YES, SIR. A FULL SQUADRON OF MOSQUITOS ARE LEAVING NOW FOR AN OFFENSIVE SWEEP...



## Crash Call

HAGS TOOK HIS LAUNCH AND RELUCTANT CREW BACK TO A SHELTERED CREEK ON THE RUGGED NORWEGIAN COAST THEY HAD BEEN SO GLAD TO LEAVE...

LOOK AT THAT BEAUTY! SHE'D HAVE FINISHED US IN TWO TICKS. YOUR SKIPPER KNOWS HIS STUFF!



SO THE MEN OF 2575 SETTLED DOWN FOR THE LONGEST WAIT OF THEIR LIVES — UNTIL DARKNESS CAME TO CLOAK A FURTIVE ESCAPE FROM ENEMY WATERS.

IMAGINE HOW WE'D FARE OUT THERE! AND ME WITH NO AMMO FOR THE OLD POPGUN!

I'M FOR GETTING MY HEAD DOWN WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD... WE'VE A LONELY NIGHT AT SEA AHEAD — I HOPE!



THE DESCENT OF NIGHT WAS REGARDED AS THE BEGINNING AND THE END. THE BEGINNING FOR 2575 AS SHE DUMPED CAMOUFLAGE AND PREPARED FOR SEA... AND THE END OF HOPE FOR FRIENDS WHO WAITED AT THE LITTLE SHETLAND BASE...



WRITTEN OFF AS LOST! YET IN THE GREY LIGHT OF DAWN, THE DUTY LOOKOUT AT BASE STARED INCREDULOUSLY, WONDERING IF HE WERE SEEING A GHOST SHIP...





THE SLEEPING CAMP, ROUSED BY THE NEWS, RUSHED TO THE JETTY DISBELIEVING . . . AND BELIEVED!

LOOK AT HER . . . A FLOATING WRECK!

MAYBE! BUT SHE'S STILL THE BEST IN THE AIR SEA RESCUE FLEET!



THIS CAMERA WILL BE FLOWN SOUTH MINUTES FROM NOW. GLAD YOU WERE ABLE TO MAKE IT!

THERE'S GRAY ON DECK. WHAT DO WE DO IN A CASE LIKE THIS?

THERE'S THE OLD MAN . . . BETTER ASK HIM!





EXPERT EYES HAD SOON STUDIED THE SECRETS OF THE ATLANTIC RAIDER FORCE AS REVEALED BY THE CAMERA'S EYE. THE DIE WAS CAST FOR VON RICHTLINGER'S FLEET!



AND AT THE SHETLAND AIR SEA  
BASE LIFE RETURNED TO  
NORMAL... ALMOST!



Printed in England by Messrs. Percy Brothers Ltd., Manchester 1, and published each month by Fleetway Publications Ltd. Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents: Australasia, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd.; Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Messrs. Kingstons Ltd. WAR PICTURE LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price as shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade: or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

3/6/60



**ALSO ON SALE NOW**

**FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .**

# **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY**

**No. 52—AIR COMMANDO**

**No. 54—UMBRELLA IN THE SKY**



Crash landing ! Cut off from their main force, the glider-borne Chindits coolly and with deadly efficiency set about their mission—to slash the Japanese supply lines deep in the Burma jungle.

Two thousand lonely miles from home, the Royal Air Force Hurricane wing in Russia fought with selfless gallantry for a foreign soil, for a strange ally—and most of all, for freedom.

**ALSO ON SALE NOW :—**

**No. 55—THE IRON FUSILIERS**

Next month's **FOUR** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** issues, on sale July 4th, are :—

**No. 56—THE CROWDED SKY**

**No. 58—UP THE MARINES !**

**No. 57—KILLER SUB**

**No. 59—TOUGH AS THEY COME**



EXTRA THRILLS - - - THIS MONTH!  
ONE . . TWO . . THREE SUPER ISSUES OF

# AIR ACE PICTURE LIBRARY



No. 11—SCRAMBLE!    No. 12—TIGER IN THE SKY  
No. 13—DESERT WINGS

## AIR ACE PICTURE LIBRARY

ALL THREE ISSUES ON SALE MONDAY, JUNE 20th  
MAKE SURE—ASK FOR THEM NOW!